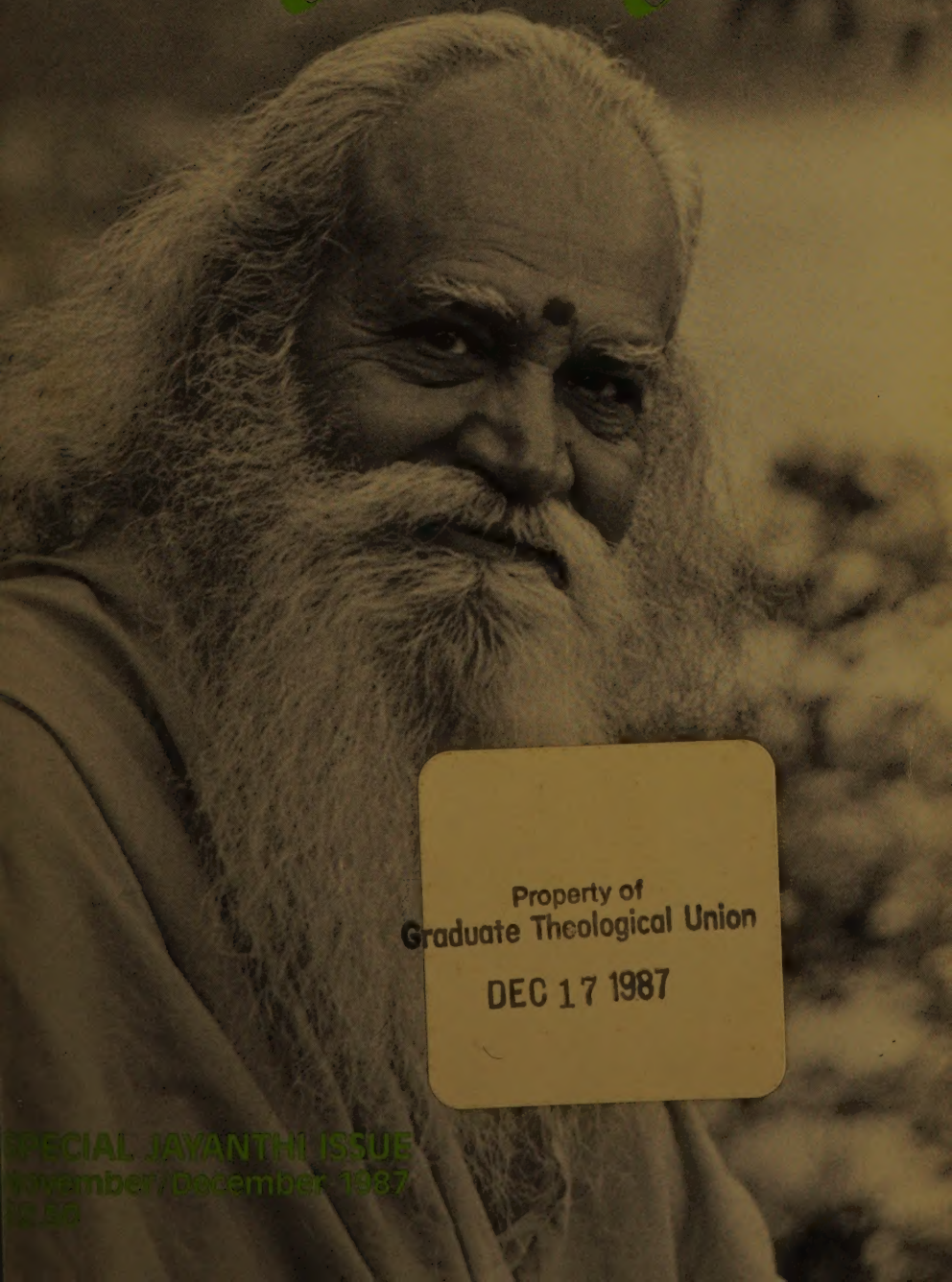


Integral Yoga



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November/December 1987
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UPCOMING EVENTS WITH SRI GURUDEV

November

- | | | |
|-------|-----------------------------|---|
| 1 | Lynchburg
VIRGINIA | Talk at Agudeth Shalom Synagogue |
| 7 | Charlottesville
VIRGINIA | Seminar on World Peace and Justice
Gandhi Peace Center, University of Virginia |
| 14 | Washington | Paul Temple Award Dinner and D.C. Ceremonies |
| 15-30 | INDIA | Tour and programs |

December

- | | | |
|-------|-----------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1-15 | INDIA | Tour and programs |
| 22-25 | Yogaville
VIRGINIA | Jayanthi and Christmas Celebrations |
| 29 | Santa Barbara
CALIFORNIA | Annual IYI Retreat |

January 1988

- | | | |
|-------|-----------------------------|--|
| 5-7 | Maui
HAWAII | Public programs |
| 9 | Kona
HAWAII | Public talk |
| 10 | Kauai
HAWAII | Public talk |
| 14-15 | Honolulu
HAWAII | Public programs |
| 17 | Los Angeles
CALIFORNIA | "Let's Build Yogaville" Benefit dinner |
| 20 | Los Angeles
CALIFORNIA | Talk to Louise Hay Seminar |
| 22 | San Francisco
CALIFORNIA | Public talk |
| 23 | San Francisco
CALIFORNIA | "Let's Build Yogaville" Benefit dinner |

Sri Gurudev's busy schedule often has changes and additions after Integral Yoga magazine goes to press. Please check with your nearest Integral Yoga Institute or with Satchidananda Ashram — Yogaville for the most up-to-date information.

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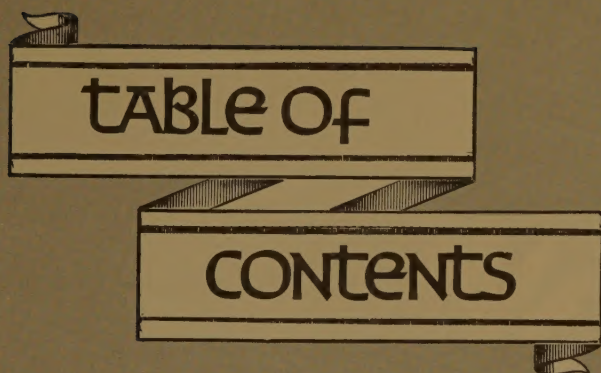


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*“He has spread His form of love
throughout all the world.*

*Millions of suns are shamed
by the radiance
of a single hair of his body.”*

—KABIR

Your New York Children



*"Without the Guru we stumble in the dark,
Without the Word there is no understanding.*

*The Guru's teaching illumines the mind
and attaches it to the Truth. "*

—Guru Nanak

**With deepest love, reverence and
gratitude this issue of Integral
Yoga Magazine is offered in honor
of the 73rd Jayanthi of our beloved
Sri Gurudev, the Reverend Sri
Swami Satchidanandaji Maharaj.**



INTEGRAL YOGA® AND YOU

INTEGRAL YOGA® Magazine is the official organ of the Integral Yoga Institutes, Teachings Centers, and Satchidananda Ashrams. These centers are vehicles by which the Integral Yoga teachings of Sri Swami Satchidananda are lived and shared. The centers offer ongoing programs in the various branches of Yoga — including Hatha, Raja, Karma, Bhakti, and Jnana Yogas — as well as instruction in yogic diet and other related topics. There are open classes, courses, teacher training programs, universal worship services, and retreats for both beginners and more advanced students. Resident programs, providing an opportunity to experience total yogic living are also possible.

A wide range of guest programs are offered at the Ashram in Buckingham, Virginia. Located at the Virginia Ashram are: the audio-video department, book publishing and distribution services; a preschool, elementary and junior high school, and the international coordination offices for all Integral Yoga Centers.

The LOTUS (Light Of Truth Universal Shrine) — a shrine dedicated to the Light of all faiths and to world peace — is open to the public and is located in Yogaville, Virginia.

For more information, to arrange for an Integral Yoga program for any group, or to be put on our mailing list, please feel free to contact any of the centers listed inside the back cover of this Magazine. We are here to serve you.

I can't recall how many times, in the than twenty years since we've met, I have written to express my gratitude and love — only to tear up the letter upon rereading. I'm a bit slow but it really has occurred to me that I was prompted by one crisis or another that they were not the "giving" type I wanted to express but an "asking" type. Of course, upon reflection of your advice, as your teachings of proper yogic state of mind were already in my head. I had only to act upon it — much quicker than the postal service. You are still the only steady light I have found in this world of flickering illusions. I have only my love and gratitude to offer for the incalculable bounty that has heaped upon me.

—B.M.

North Holland, B.J.

Sri Gurudev replies:

Thank you for your loving letter and I was pleased to receive. Your love, thoughts and affection really touch my heart.

I am happy to know that the seed that was planted within you has found very good soil and is blossoming so.

It is true that Yoga is the master key to open all the doors. It is your sincere dedication, devotion, and sincere actions that have brought the teachings of Yoga to blossom within you.

May you be filled with peace and love and light. OM Shanthi, Shanthi, Shanthi.

I wish to thank you for your consolation and advice to me during the time of the passing of my father. I also wish to share the incident with you.

Sri Gurudev

My brother arrived for the wake and funeral, feeling harried and exhausted after a long flight, and with lots on his mind. He said he was uptight, and I suggested he might be so because he was thinking primarily about himself, and after all we were here to comfort my brother and to take care of things.

He said, "Okay. Give me a technique. What can I do when I'm so uptight and worried?"

I said, "Whenever you feel that way, think immediately of what you can do for someone else, of how to serve them."

Well, the scores of friends and relatives came, and we fed them at my parents' house. My brother was cordial, relaxed, the model host. He asked me how he was doing. I said, "Fine." Then he beckoned me to come out on the back porch to talk alone.

"You know," he said, "that works! Whenever I started to get tense or worried, I thought of how I could help and it much better!"

I thought to myself, "Jai Gurudev!" of positive: Yoga works!

We can never thank you enough.

B.B.

Buckingham, VA

Each 5 marks one year since you blessed me with the Sanskrit name Mahavir. I want to take the time to thank you for giving me the potential to be a great person. Knowing that you see that possibility gives me hope and inspiration to move toward my goal of becoming like you.

Thank you every day for allowing me to be your disciple and for being a light-giver of truth and love.

N.

Columbus, OH.

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SRI SWAMI SATCHIDANANDA (called "Sri Gurudev" by his students) is a master of Yoga, a world spiritual teacher, and Guru of the students of Integral Yoga. He is dedicated to the ecumenical movement, his motto being: "Truth is One, paths are many." His main residence is in Buckingham, Virginia. In response to invitations from around the globe, he travels widely, sharing with people through every possible medium: lectures, conferences, radio, television and newspaper interviews, books, and visits to centers around the globe in the fields of education, religion, health and Yoga.



The Guru Helps You Know

by Sri Swami Satchidananda

Again and again I would like to remind you not to take the physical body or even the intelligence of the teacher as the Guru. It is the Self. Because he has realized the Self, his intelligence gets a better light and his realization reflects through his intelligence. Then that intelligence talks of something because of that experience, not because his intelligence alone is something special. So when you address someone as the Guru you are addressing the Self. Let us know that positively.

The scriptures say: "Guru Shivo, Guru Devo, Guru Bandhu Sareerinam, Guru Atma, Guru Jeevo, Guroranyam Na Vidyate."

It means, "The Guru is Lord Shiva; the Guru is Divine; the Guru is your relations; the Guru is your body; the Guru is your soul; the Guru is your Self. There is nothing but the Guru." That means ultimately everything is that Self. With a description like this, who is not the Guru then? Can I say, "I am the Guru; you are not"? No, everybody is the Guru. But when you do not seem to know that, you just ask me and I say, "Hey, you are that." This is the final instruction the Guru can give a disciple when he or she is fit to understand it simply "You are That."

But, unfortunately, if we just say that, people think, "Is it that simple? Shouldn't it be something really difficult and complicated?" Our intelligence and ego want something complicated.

Many people ask me, "What is your

technique?"

I say, "Be good; do good; be a nice person; lead a selfless life. Take care of your body; take care of your mind."

"Is that all? Is that what you call Integral Yoga? I thought you had some special technique..."

So then probably to satisfy their curiosity we have to have something — some commercial secret, hmm? But the truth is, "Blessed are the pure in heart; they shall see God." Simple. Just become pure — physically and mentally. You will see God. Then you won't need me any more.

"But won't you show God to us?" some people ask. I am not here to show you God. Nobody can ever show God to you. If the Guru does anything, he or she helps you remove the curtain which veils you from your own Divinity. Then you can see it. That is what is meant by Guru.

You call the Guru "Master" because he seems to know what he is talking about. As you know, the Sanskrit term guru means "the one who eliminates or removes the darkness in your understanding."

You feel the necessity for a guide only when you do not know your way. If you know already, there is no need for a Guru. But even in the worldly sense we always seem to understand things through the help of somebody. When you come into the world as a baby, the mother acts as your Guru. It is she who removes the darkness in your knowing



your father. She tells you that so-and-so is your father and you take her word for it. Otherwise where is the guarantee that so-and-so is your father? Was there any test tube in which you analyzed him? Was there some kind of rubbing stone such as you would rub a piece of metal against to see if it were gold? There's no way of testing him except to believe the mother's word. So the mother acts as the first guru.

The Hindu scriptures say that everyone should have four Gurus: Mata, Pita, Guru, Deva. Mata — the mother, Pita — the father, Guru — the spiritual guide, and ultimately Deva — God. First the mother shows you the father, then the father takes you to the Guru, and finally the Guru takes you to God.

Even in our normal life we take the help of many Gurus. When such is the case even in the normal worldly life, how could it be otherwise in the spiritual life? Your spiritual Guru is even more necessary than the worldly ones, because the spiritual life is much more subtle.

Many people read a lot of books about Yoga and spiritual life, but books alone can never take the place of a Guru. If we could learn everything through books there should be only publishing houses and no universities. Books cannot take the place of a teacher. When you read a book, you can learn from it, but the book can never teach you. You should know the difference. It is up to you to correctly understand what you read. The author might even have given the right meaning with all good intentions — but you read it in any way you want because you are trying to understand it with the help of your own mind, your own understanding. Then the entire responsibility lies in your hands. You can understand or misunderstand. That is why we see many misinterpretations even in the spiritual field. People read the books and then just understand or interpret as they want and even teach others that their interpretation is what Yoga is.

But a Guru will not allow you to misunderstand. The moment he or she feels

you have not understood something correctly the Guru will say, "That's not right; this is the way." A book will not and cannot do that. That's why you need a person who has gone through the path and realized the goal to guide you in what is to be done.

Just Remove Ego

Let us know that in Truth we are the Divine Image, the image of God. Somehow the veil of our egos prevents us from realizing this. Just remove the ego. It is that ego which is the basis for all these mental dramas; it is *Maya*, illusion. It creates all kinds of troubles, anxieties and fears. So please, if anybody has that ego, say, "E — go!" Don't welcome it anymore. Once that goes away you become humble and your mind will be totally under your control. You will become the Master.

Whatever you do, see that your mind remains in that tranquility, that purity, that neutrality. No Guru can ever take some Light and put it into you or bring God to you. And there's no need for him or her to do that because you have it already. If you were to get it from the Master you might lose it one day. Instead, you have it — you are that. The Guru only helps you know it. You fail to notice that Light because of the ego and the mental disturbances it causes. So purify the mind; control the mind. Or first control the body and the prana [life force] and when they are calmed, the mind will be calmed automatically. Then nothing can hide the Truth from you. You become fine. If you are that fine, if you are that pure, you are blessed. Then the God in you shines out. You know that you are God and others know that you are God.

So may that great Guru, the omnipresent Guru who is everywhere, shine from all angles by your refinement. That is my sincere prayer. May that Guru express himself through your own purity, humility, charity and generosity so the whole world could enjoy peace through you. That is my sincere wish and prayer.

Thank you. Om Shanthi Shanthi Shanthi. Om Peace Peace Peace.



Peace Teacher

*His course is not limited
to a classroom.
Every minute is an opportunity
to learn...
to learn
a lesson in peace.*

*He knows the curriculum
"by heart,"
and shares it
lovingly
with his brothers
and sisters
of the universe.*

*He points out
the pathways,
the obstacles,
the disturbances
and gently invites,
"Choose peace."*

*Or sometimes
with ruthless compassion
cuts through the ego deceptions
delaying the experience.*

*He is a teacher of Peace.
He is an example of Peace.
He is a guide to Peace.
His name is Swami Satchidananda
and he is Peace.*

by Joan Metzner, M.M.

The Touch of the Master's Hand

author
unknown

*It was battered and scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin
But he held it up with a smile:
"What am I bidden, good folks?" he cried,
"Who'll start bidding for me?"
"A dollar, a dollar, now only two,
Two dollars and who'll make it three?"*

*"Three dollars once, three dollars twice,
Going for three," but no....
From the room far back a grey-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow;
Then wiping the dust from the old violin
And tightening up all the strings,
He played a melody, pure and sweet,
As sweet as an angel sings.*

*The music ceased, and the auctioneer
With a voice that was quiet and low
Said: "What am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.
"A thousand dollars....and who'll make it two?"
"Two thousand....and who'll make it three?"
"Three thousand once, and three thousand twice....
And going...and gone," said he.*

*The people cheered, and some of them cried:
"We do not understand;
What changed its worth?" The man replied:
"The touch of the Master's Hand."
And many a man with life out of tune,
And battered and torn with sin
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd
Much like the old violin.*

*A "mess of pottage," a glass of wine,
A game....and he travels on;
He's going once, and he's going twice,
He's going, and almost gone.
But the Master comes and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul, and the change that's wrought
By the touch of the Master's Hand.*

The Self You Seek



by Sri Ramana Maharshi

God realization is not a knowledge to be acquired, so that acquiring it one may obtain happiness. It is one's ignorant outlook that one should give up. The Self you seek to know is verily yourself. Your supposed ignorance caused you needless grief like that of the ten foolish men who grieved over the "loss" of the tenth man who was never lost.

The ten foolish men in the parable forded a stream and on reaching the other shore wanted to make sure that all of them had in fact safely crossed the stream. One of the ten began to count, but while counting others left himself out. "I see only nine; sure enough, we have lost one. Who can it be?" he said. "Did you count correctly?" asked another, and did the counting himself. But he too counted only nine. One after the other each of the ten counted only nine, missing himself. "We are only nine," they all agreed, "but who is the missing one?" they asked themselves. Every effort they made to discover the "missing" individual failed. "Whoever he be that is drowned"

said the most sentimental of ten fools, "we have lost him." So saying he burst into tears, and the rest of the nine followed suit.

Seeing them weeping on the river bank, a sympathetic wayfarer enquired for the cause. They related what had happened and said that even after counting themselves several times they could find no more than nine. On hearing the story, but seeing all the ten before him, the wayfarer guessed what had happened. In order to make them know for themselves that they were really ten, that all of them had come safe from the crossing, he told them, "Let each of you count for himself; but one after the other serially — one, two, three and so on, while I shall give you each a blow so that all of you may be sure of having been included in the count, and included only once. The tenth 'missing' man will then be found." Hearing this they rejoiced at the prospect of finding their lost comrade and accepted the method suggested by the wayfarer.

While the kind wayfarer gave a blow to each of the ten in turn, he that got the

blow counted himself aloud. "Ten," said the last man as he got the last blow in his turn. Bewildered they looked at one another. "We are ten" they said with one voice and thanked the wayfarer for having removed their grief.

That is the parable. From where was the tenth man brought in? Was he ever lost? By knowing that he had been there all the while, did they learn anything new? The cause of their grief was not the real loss of any of the ten; it was their own ignorance, rather their mere supposition that one of them was lost — though they could not find who he was — because they counted only nine.

Such is also the case with you. Truly there is no cause for you to be miserable and unhappy. You yourself impose limitations on your true nature of infinite Being, and then weep that you are but a finite creature. Then you take up this or

that *sadhana* [spiritual practice] to transcend the non-existent limitations. But if your *sadhana* itself assumes the existence of the limitations, how can it help you to transcend them?

Hence I say, know that you are really the infinite, pure Being, the Self Absolute. You are always that Self and nothing but that Self. Therefore, you can never be really ignorant of the Self; your ignorance is merely a formal ignorance, like the ignorance of the ten fools about the "lost" tenth man. It is this ignorance that caused them grief.

Know then that true Knowledge does not create a new Being for you; it only removes your "ignorant ignorance." Bliss is not added to your nature; it is merely revealed as your true and natural state, eternal and imperishable. The only way to be rid of your grief is to know and BE the Self. How can this be unattainable?

A BIRTHDAY MESSAGE IN SRI LANKA



*"From love the world is born
By love it is sustained
Towards love it moves, and
Into love it enters."*

—Rabindrinath Tagore

The 22nd of December 1968 dawned rosy and heavenly in Tennekumbura, Sri Lanka.

At 9:30 a.m., the usually burning tropical sun was rosy and mellow. That time of year in the island is called "the rainy season." During the months of October to December, the monsoon breaks sud-

denly and often unexpectedly in the hill country. The torrential downpour of rain is swift and severe. Rivulets of water gush down the roads but dry up as swiftly as they came.

It had rained heavily the night before, and the roads were dry and clean in the morning. The scent of blooming fresh flowers filled the air. Birds chirped, flitting to and from tree to tree. Gaily-colored butterflies flew around from flower to flower. The rays of the sun filtering through the thick, spreading and flowering trees along the route, were

by Mrs. R. Rasiah

warm, bright and invigorating. The varied hues around the area were caught by the reflecting rays of the sun and brought to life in a dance. Nature at its best and liveliest proclaimed the message: "This is God's glorious manifestation."

The procession by foot started at the top of the Thekawathe road leading to the Satchidananda Ashram. It was a varied crowd. Sri Gurudev, in saffron robes, walked in the center, humility in every part of his demeanor. He was surrounded by a band of devotees, joyously singing *bhajan* and accompanied by lilting music and the rhythmic tinkling sound of cymbals.

Friends, invitees and bystanders alike, from all walks of life, dressed in both Eastern and Western attire, followed behind. Gurudev's students from the West, who were visiting, mingled with the procession. Householders with their children stood ready with garlands near their homes on both sides of the road along the route. All along the way, people garlanded Gurudev, and children offered flowers at his feet. The atmosphere was charged with happy but solemn homage. One could see Gurudev's lips move in prayer throughout the procession. His eyes lit up in benediction whenever a child approached.

As the procession neared the bend of the road he was garlanded with a garland of fresh, dewy and scented roses straight from the owner's garden—Gurudev's favorite one. He looked up with a smile to glimpse the garden.

From that point up to Satchidananda Ashram, the winding path was colorfully decorated with bundles of tender cream colored palm leaves and strands of multi-colored flowers. College students in white lined up on either side of the road, holding high their banners of green, lettered in gold, crossed to form a beautiful archway under which Gurudev walked. It was a guard of honor—not with swords or salutes, but with the timeless, profound teachings Sri Gurudev had taught in sim-

ple aphorisms. The golden lines on the banners read: SERVE, LOVE, GIVE, PURIFY, MEDITATE, REALIZE. BE GOOD, DO GOOD, BE KIND, BE COMPASSIONATE.

Little girls—dance students of the Ashram's Fine Arts Society—led the way to the hall, down the hill with light steps, strewn flower petals along the path. The procession halted at the entrance of the hall. A joyous shout of "Jai Sri Satguru Satchidanandaji Maharaj ki! Jai!" rent the air, got carried across the Mahawali Ganga and came reverberating back. The crowd started pushing forward to fall at the feet of Sri Gurudev, and was gently requested by the ushers to wait until after the main ceremony of *Pada Puja*.

Sri Gurudev was led to the beautifully set up dias, then the *Pada Puja* was performed. Deep reverence and piety permeated the hushed crowd. Their own beloved Gurudev—who was Father, loving friend and counselor, everything to them—was in their midst. (In recent years, his time had been shared between East and West and they could not have him constantly among them as in earlier times.)

This occasion was the Jayanthi celebration in honor of Sri Gurudev. They adored and loved him with all their hearts and wished him at least a hundred more years of life with his children.

A visitor from Germany who was on the Island to gather information and photographs for a geographical magazine had been a witness throughout the proceedings. Not able to contain his curiosity any longer, he started questioning one of the seventeen-year-old students.

"Who is this swami?"

The young man gave a brief synopsis of Gurudev's life and work.

"Does he perform miracles?"

"Not visibly," the student replied, "but his devotees would vouch that he has done miracles with their lives."

"What is special about him?"

"His overflowing love toward one and all, all creation alike."

"I have seen many *sadhus* perform miracles in India," the man persisted. "I was very impressed."

"We do not need such miracles," said the boy, who was beginning to resent the visitor's tone.

The man changed his approach. "If the swami is so revered, why was he not given a motorcade procession with band music? Why make him walk with a few people singing? Do those songs have meaning?"

"They are called *bhajans* and are as sacred as your hymns. As for band music, Swamiji does not approve of fanfare. He does not encourage or wish for publicity. By walking, Swamiji blessed us all. To walk along with a God-realized *sadhu* and walk on the path where his holy feet have trod is a great blessing to us."

"Well, then, could you not have tied up the stray dogs that came by? Should you have allowed dogs and cats to participate too?"

"Did they trouble you or get underfoot?" the boy asked. "No. That is the glory of Swamiji's love. He loves all the creatures, all animals too. Look how they bask in the sun."

"Does the swami run a school? Who are the boys with banners?"

"We belong to different colleges — St. Sylvester's College, Trinity College, St. Paul's College, Jaffna Hindu College, and there are the Reverend brothers of the Oblate Scholasticate, who are the music students of the Fine Arts Society. Swamiji believes in and practices ecumenism. His teachings are that all paths lead to the same goal. Every faith taught and practiced in the proper way could achieve universal peace and brotherhood. That is what he teaches."

The visitor had more questions, but the student said, "I cannot miss the *Pada Puja*. Please excuse me." The visitor followed him into the hall, asking skepti-

tical questions all the way.

Inside a beautiful *Pada Puja* took place. Tributes were paid to Sri Gurudev in all three languages of the country. The Ashram secretary then approached Gurudev and asked him to bless the congregation with a birthday message, and Gurudev graciously obliged.

"A birthday message! For whose birthday is this message required? Is it for that of the real 'Me'? If so, I am sorry there can be no such message, for it is impossible to give a message for the birthday of the real 'Me.' The Self always was and is. I am as I am. I was never born and I will never die. So also, the real You was never born and will never die. You are never changing, never moving, never a part of anything. You are eternal, whole, omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient, ever-pure, ever-blissful and ever-free! This is the Eternal Message. Realize this and be free..."

"Just a moment! Oh! Now I see that you wanted a message for the birthday of Swami Satchidananda. Well, that could be given. Because of the form and name, Swami Satchidananda came into existence once, and one day the form will cease to be. As you want a birthday message now, you may later need a deathday message too. All that comes will go, and all that is born will die. They are all swayed under the influence of the dualities such as heat and cold, pleasure and pain, profit and loss, success and failure and so on. Please remember that these are impermanent, ever-changing and connected with this Namaroopa Prapancha (Universe of name and form). Do not have any faith in these nor hope to gain any lasting happiness from them. Do not forget that they are worldly, just name and form, and the products of the three gunas. Rise above these and rest in your own true nature. You are eternal, ever pure, ever wise, ever free!"

"Have this message for all time. May the Lord bless all to realize this and en-

joy Supreme Peace and Bliss! Om Shan-
thi, Shanthi Shanthi."

The talk didn't last even seven minutes. There was pin-drop silence. Gurudev looked at the young faces in front of him. They seemed to cry out the message, "Today we feel our love and homage is to our beloved father in his physical form. We want to happily bask in his love and presence. Please today do not remind us that all this is illusion. We are your children. The silent ardent thoughts that only their father could perceive broke bounds. Loud whispers of, "We love you," "Please bless us," were clear.

"Well, but Maheshwara Puja first. You must be hungry," said Gurudev. (Maheshwara is the name of the Lord; offering food to people is like offering food to God and is like a *puja*. According to the Hindu faith all actions should be offered to God first. Thus serving a meal is Maheshwara Puja.)

The little ones, with one accord, shouted, "We are not hungry. We love to hear you!"

"Yes, love," said Gurudev. "Love. Love. Love. That is most important. Love always. God is love. The world is born of love. The creation vibrates with love. Love everyone alike. Clear your minds of impure thoughts. One of the words for bad thoughts and actions is selfishness. Clear out all the bad thoughts. Make your mind pure. Fill it with Love and Peace. Then the Light Divine will gush out in all its pristine glory. Then all of you will be agents of love, filling the world with Love, Light and Unity."

A few seconds of hushed silence followed. Suddenly the rush began. All the children quickly gathered at his knees for hugs and kisses. A feast to anyone's sight — the loving father with his loving children. He embraced them all.

As for the cynical visitor, he could not believe his eyes. He wanted an audience with Gurudev and was given that opportunity. He was deeply moved by the whole experience. Thereafter, he always visited the Ashram during his visits to the Island.

The First Time I Saw Him

by Shakti Howard

The first time I saw Gurudev and heard him speak to a group at a college in New Jersey, my immediate reaction was, "I am gazing at a saint, a living saint from my religious lessons of long ago." There was a recognition, a remembering, which I felt deep inside, but could not really identify.

As time has passed since that first glimpse of my guru, my love has grown and my heart has opened to my Spiritual Father. I am grateful that he has allowed me to find him once again in this lifetime.

When I focus on the image of Gurudev, I can see the face of each person I love, those closest and precious to me. There is no need to explain, there are truly no words adequate to express the blessings in my life found through Gurudev and his Teachings.

The Lost Rebbe

One great rebbe who was known throughout the land was due to arrive in a town filled with hassidim. They waited for his coach outside the town in order to escort the Rebbe into their city. When the coach appeared, they clamored about it singing praises and portions from the books of Psalms and dancing in the road behind the coach as it moved on. Some of the more daring among them actually leaped up to catch a glimpse of the master inside the coach. But, lo, they saw the coach was empty.

Word spread quickly and the hassidim stopped. There in the rear of the entourage they saw the master running along with the hassidim and singing. Surrounding him, they asked, "Rebbe, why are you out here in the dust of the road like this?"

"Ah, I saw all of you taking such delight in the Lord," replied the Rebbe, "that I just had to join you for some of the fun."

*Thou art my Mother
and my Father too;
Thou art my Brother,
Thou art my Friend;
Thou art my Knowledge,
Thou art my Wealth,
My Light of Lights
Thou art.*

*Your San Francisco
Children*



Children's Corner:



Pals with Pens



Dear Friends,

Hello. We are the Yogaville Vidyalayam Primary students. When our teachers Satya and Sadasiva told us about having Pen Pals we were all very excited! We love the idea of having Pen Pals!

We like animals a lot. We are vegetarians. Tropical fruits are probably our favorite fruits. What kind of foods do you like?

It is very hot here in the summertime. Is it hot where you live? One day it was 107 degrees. Gosh we were hot!

In Yogaville Vidyalayam we have a schedule of: first, morning prayers; then math, recess, Hatha Yoga, story time, lunch, rest and reading time, then science, and then we do clean up—that is when we clean up the entire school. Some of our jobs are: cleaning the bathrooms, library, kitchen, garbage, dusting, sweeping and other things like that. The students' ages range from 6 to 12. Our names are—starting from youngest to oldest—Anna, Bharati, Shankar, Heather, Jyoti, Deva, Ishwara, Gopal, Vivekananda, Suguna, and Geni.

We wish you could come and see us. We're sure you would learn something here.

We are very lucky because Gurudev Swami Satchidananda is with us. Sometimes he comes to our school. We like going to the LOTUS. It is a very peaceful place. You feel great at LOTUS. Yogaville is very nice to us.

Please write to us at:

Yogaville Vidyalayam

Route 1, Box 172

Buckingham, VA 23921

Your friends,
The Yogaville Vidyalayam Primary

The Unicorn

by Dhyani Simonini

Long, long ago,

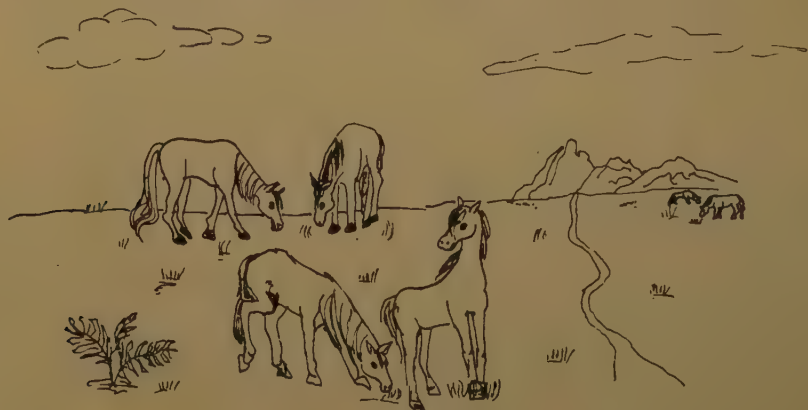
when God was busy creating bright and beautiful things to live upon His Earth, He looked down from the heavens to watch His horses grazing with their heads buried in the velvet green of His beautiful, new pastures. He thought to Himself, "How wonderful they are! What a sign to the world of the grace and beauty of life! I wonder, though, if I shouldn't have made them sky nibblers so they would always be looking upward instead of down at the earth."

It troubled God slightly. He began to wish He had placed some special mark on His horses that *always* focused upward, even while they were grazing, to remind His creatures to maintain their connection with the heavens (even while enjoying the pleasures of the Earth).

present, always caring and concerned for the well-being of each of my creatures. And to remind you of your unique connection with me, from this time forth, I shall call you my Unique-horn, which we will shorten, for convenience, to unicorn! Now, which of you would be my volunteer?"

To His surprise, many of the horses looked alarmed! They didn't want to disappoint their beloved Creator, of course, but, still, to wear a horn! To stand out so *obviously* from the rest of God's creatures, to have all the Earth-creatures expecting *them* to be a reminder of God's presence in the world! It was a scary responsibility, one which each of them was reluctant to take on!

"Well, Lord," one of the older horses stammered, "I'd like to do it for you! But,



Then God had a wonderful idea! Perhaps some member of the horse community would be willing to wear a special sign, something that would remind all of the creatures that they were special treasures of His. He called them all together to ask for volunteers and told them of His plan. "I will give one of you a beautiful horn, a slender, pearly finger that will always point upward to me. It will remind the world that I am always

I really don't think I'm the one for the job! Of course, it's an honor and all that, but to live out here among all these other fellows with that *obvious* a mark? Well, I just don't think I'm up to it yet! Maybe later, when I'm spiritually stronger, when I know that I wouldn't ever . . . you know . . . slip up and let anyone down."

There was a great deal of hemming and hawing among the horses — none of whom seemed to feel that they were *quite*



good enough, or *quite* strong enough or *quite* steady enough to stand apart from the common breed of horses and to be God's reminder of His special blessings. Finally, one young horse gulped a little and walked forward.

"Father, you know that I have a lot of faults, and I'm far from being the most peaceful or the most connected with the spiritual values of all your herd. Still, if you need me, well, I'm ready to try, anyway."

Hearing this, the Lord smiled. He created a beautiful horn of whitest pearl and twisted it together with the shimmer of angel's wings and the transparent shine of bubbles and the soft colors of a summer's dawn. And He placed it on the young horse's head — to gleam forever as a reminder that each creature wears a mark of blessedness and is unique and treasured in the world.

And there was a lot of whispering from the herd as God fastened it onto the young horse's forehead.

"Better him than me!"

"Who does he think he is, trying to be so holy! I wonder where he gets the nerve."

"He's just trying to make an impression on the Master. It isn't service; it's ego! He wants to look good to God!"

The little horse, now called unicorn, heard the whispers, and he suddenly felt very lonely.

He took himself to the top of a mountain nearby and prayed to be equal to the responsibility and not to feel resentful at the reaction of the herd.

In many ways, living with God's special mark upon him proved difficult and even dangerous. For he found little support among his friends; and, when the hunters found that there was some rare and beautiful new species of horse roaming over the meadows, they immediately began to try to capture him or to kill him with their arrows! There were many times when he had to flee for his life up into the safety of the mountains. He began to live with one ear always tilted backward, listening for the sound of danger.

There were many sad days as he tried to quietly mingle with the other horses, who largely ignored him now or else were afraid to be in his company for fear of the danger to *themselves*. Sometimes, looking down on them from some high spot of safety in the hills, the little unicorn's heart was so filled with pain that he thought it would burst! They were so fine and beautiful, so at peace being just part of the herd. Perhaps God had made a mistake! The beautiful touch of His love, the mark He had made upon the horse's forehead, seemed only to bring the unicorn troubles to deal with — envy and resentment and bad karma. It made the little unicorn different from the other horses. And, surely, different could not be better when the other horses seemed to have such easy lives and to enjoy themselves, so unconcerned amidst the pleasures of God's earth. As time went by, the little unicorn became ashamed of his horn and began to regard it as a burden, a disfigurement. He quite

forgot the lesson that his horn was to be visible proof that he was special to God—unique, a treasure to life. He even forgot that his horn was meant to be a slender, shining reminder to the world's creatures to focus on the sky where the great All-That-Is was constantly watching over His children. Instead, the unicorn hid himself away in the forest and brooded over the injustice of his fate. He was a failure! He reminded no one of the love of God! He only stirred up the scorn of the other creatures or, even worse, their anger and hatred! He wanted no more part of this horn! It was too hard! It was too much that he had to give up everything to wear the mark of God! He began to use all his energies to remove the horn.

How long, how determinedly, he tried to become just like the other horses again! He rejected the idea of his own specialness, his deep, true connection with God. It had *not* brought him peace or acceptance; it had only brought him sterner challenges and harder life conditions! He began to batter the horn against the trees, trying to rid himself of his torment and his shame.

One fine day, he saw a tree that was bigger and tougher and stronger than any in the forest. Rejoicing in his dream that he would, once again, be just like the other horses, he backed away. At a full gallop, he lowered his head and ran at the

tree with all his force!

There was a horrifying sound then in the forest. There was the sound of splintering and cracking and a deep tearing cry of pain as the beautiful horn shattered against the bark of the mighty tree, splintered into a thousand pieces that fell to the earth around the unicorn's bleeding stump. As the "unicorn-no-more" lay in agony by the tree, he was conscious that death was near. But worse, he was conscious that he had broken not only his horn but a sacred trust, a connection with God that had been special and beautiful. And he wept hot, bitter tears, not only from the tearing pain of his injury but from abject failure and humiliation. "Father, dear Father," he moaned, "I am so sorry! I was not equal to your gift! I have betrayed your faith and your divine love and trust in me! Please, just let me die and be forgotten!"

But, although the Lord was unhappy that the unicorn had rejected His gift, He could not bear to see him lying, suffering and bleeding, on the ground. As gently as the spirit of love, the hand of God reached down to him. "My dearest son," the voice of God breathed over him with a smooth, cooling touch, "It is true that you were not equal to the task. But did you not *try* with every ounce of strength and determination? Did you not feel the sting of the hunters' arrows for my sake?"





And did you not endure the harshness of criticism and of your friends' rejection? Did you not sleep in lonely isolation in the mountain caves where only sky things dwell and hide, in terror, in the forest from the destructive schemes of those who did not understand? "He stroked and soothed the bleeding stump and tenderly snapped away the broken remains of the unicorn's horn. "No, little friend, you shall not die! Nor shall you ever be forgotten! But I shall let you be a horse again, forever, until one comes who shall be equal to the suffering of the world. And He shall bear the burdens for you, for he will be infinitely strong! This is my promise—to you and to the world!"

So saying, God healed the wound over the unicorn's horn. But just in case the little horse should need to be reminded of his special connection with the sky, God left a little bump—tiny and unobtrusive—between the horse ears, exactly where his pearly, shining horn once had been. It can still be felt there by those who will lovingly stroke a horse's head. Please, do it now and then—for, though the horse is normal now, it still reminds him of his connection with the sky.

And, in the story of the unicorn, we find a lesson: all true seekers wear the horn for God. For, surely, it is not "normal" to seek to live selflessly or to search for opportunities to do good for others, without the expectation of returns on our investment. And, surely, it is not "normal" to give, simply, for the love of God, in selfless service to his creatures. But those who serve with love take up their horn and, with their own hands, place it on their foreheads.

They, too, just like the unicorn, may fear the mark of their own connection with God protruding so obviously into the world. Yet maybe this is the ultimate lesson: to wear our horns with joy, practicing what we believe in, regardless of the bewildered suspicions we may encounter in the eyes of the herd. We must not worry, for perhaps that horn will be a beautiful sign to look upward, a mark of our contract with God: to *be*, unashamed, what we genuinely *are*—the unique and special creatures of a loving God, one who will not *force* us to look upward, but who subtly reminds us to dare to wear the mark of those who seek the sky!



DAY BY DAY WITH SRI GURUDEV



EUROPE: Keep the Mind at Peace

August 13

The European Tour started with Sri Gurudev and thirteen devotees flying to England. From Heathrow Airport they were taken to Holloway College in Egham, just outside London, for the World Academy Yoga '87. This was sponsored by the Wheel of Yoga, a British organization that holds classes and trains teachers throughout the U.K. The World Academy Yoga '87 was a weekend conference, with the main presenters being: Sri Gurudev, Swami Nischalananda Ma (a senior disciple of Sri Gurudev), Mr. Gerard Blitz, Sri Swami Yogamudrananda, and Sri Satchidananda Yogi, who maintained his thirty year silence throughout the conference, having a representative speak for him when necessary.

Sri Gurudev gave the opening talk for the conference, and thereafter spoke each day. Nischalanandaji led classes on the "Anatomy of Yoga" and "Ashtanga Yoga in Everyday Life." During the weekend, many of the participants gathered to celebrate the Harmonic Convergence. Sri Gurudev was asked to comment on the importance of this event. He replied that we should always give our blessings to all. He said that it should not be a prayer asking for something, but should be seen as a chance for us to give. It is not important whether the occasion be good or bad, but rather that it be a wonderful opportunity to give positive energy.

The group stayed on at Holloway College after the conference was over, in order to rest and enjoy the English countryside. This included an enjoyable visit

to a Safari Park, and a visit to Windsor Castle where they saw the traditional Changing of the Guard. From Egham, they traveled by train to Manchester in northwest England.

August 18

Sri Gurudev was the guest speaker at the North Manchester Yoga Center. At the opening he was presented with a garland of flowers by young Arjuna Huxley-Grantham. Then Peter Barrett and Phil O'Donahoe both played special pieces of music. Gurudev spoke about what yoga really is. He said that we can most prove our ability to be peaceful, to be yogic—not by meditating in a Himalayan cave—but by being right in the middle of Times Square. Here we can see how truly peaceful we are!

The following morning, Peter Barrett opened the session by playing a piece of music composed especially for Gurudev. After encouraging them toward a better life in yoga—and after answering many diverse questions—Sri Gurudev was presented with flowers by Arjuna. Jnanam gave a gift to Padma (Pauline O'Gara) in thanks for all her work and that of the community as a whole.

After lunch the group went by train to London and to the home of SivaGuru and Jnanam Pillai for dinner. Here, Gurudev spoke informally about how a guest should gratefully receive anything the host offers, even if it be poison. He said how travel provides a great opportunity to learn how to adapt and adjust to all different situations, especially when one is traveling as a pilgrim.



Sri Gurudev and Mr. Gerard Blitz with members of the European Tour group and participants in the International Yoga Convention.

August 21

While sightseeing in Covent Garden, a colorful area of London, Gurudev met a man walking on very high stilts. Asking him if people always look up to him, Gurudev then told him to always stay that high!

That evening, Sri Gurudev gave a talk at the London Dharmadhatu Center, a Tibetan Buddhist center run by students of Chogyum Trungpa Rinpoche. He was asked what he thought about the "New Age" and replied that every day is a new day, every minute a new minute. *We make the world new; it is not that the world becomes new, simply that we change. The world is nothing but our projection and we can choose to make it heaven or hell.* He added that there is no point in worrying or thinking about how the future is going to be. Being fully in the present is far more important. After the talk, Inanam presented Vimala

and Vishnu Egan with a gift, in thanks for their excellent organizational efforts.

August 24

Due to air strikes, the group had missed its flight to Switzerland the day before, so now, arriving a day late, they were greeted at the hotel by Sri Gurudev. He was like a loving father, so happy to see his lost children again.

The first event in Switzerland was the week-long Integral Yoga Retreat in Engleberg, a small village reached by a little train that has to be clamped to the track as it ascends the steep mountainside. The retreat was organized by Gerard Blitz, a dear friend of Gurudev's, and the person responsible for bringing many, many people to yoga throughout Europe. The co-owner of the hotel, Francine, is a student of Gurudev's and her husband, Robert, worked very hard to provide the right food and environment for the

retreat.

Gurudev gave Satsang each evening, and Nischalanandaji led classes on the *Bhagavad Gita*. Occasionally visits were made to the nearby Grotto of Our Lady, to the monastery in the village, and up the mountains to a spectacular waterfall. There was also a ferry trip across Lake Lucerne followed by a lift high up the mountain to Bunerstock. Here, while walking through this picturesque village, 3-year old Rama tried balancing on a narrow curb while his mother held his hand. Sri Gurudev remarked how carefree Rama was, and immediately he was asked why we don't stay this way? Gurudev replied that it is "because we do not trust that the Mother is holding our hand".

At another time, Sri Gurudev was talking about relationships, in particular within the family. He said that if our family does not understand yoga, then that is our mistake. We have to set a good example for them — to be gentle, slowly educating them through our own experience. He also pointed out that without loving one's self, one cannot love someone else. Loving our neighbor as our self is not easy. He said how we see people of different religions fighting each other, while holding the scriptures in their hands. This can only happen when we don't really understand the teachings, the real meaning and importance of them.

The farewell at Engleberg was blessed by children dancing, singing, music, and heartfelt thanks to all involved. As the group left they heard again the melodious bells that ring from the church at the Benedictine monastery. This beautiful sound fills the valley four times a day. Earlier in the week, Nischalanandaji had said how, if we are slipping or sleeping on the path, then we need to find someone who is steady and can guide us forward. And that we need to keep coming back to Engleberg. Everyone agreed!

August 30

A half day's journey through the mountains, valleys, and beside lakes, brought the group to Zinal, a tiny village

surrounded by snow crested peaks. Here the Club Med was hosting 600 guests for the 14th International Yoga Convention, the whole event having been organized by Gerard Blitz. The main teachers from the conference in England were there, plus many other prominent European teachers. Sri Gurudev gave regular Satsang, and Nischalanandaji led classes.

During the week-long convention, Gurudev spoke on many topics, but particularly about how being a good yoga student does not mean being good at standing on one's head. To be yogic means to do everything at all times in a state of peace. "If you have lost your peace, you have lost your mind." Selflessness is the key to keeping your mind at ease and at peace. Selflessness is what we see in nature, as in a rose that is always giving its fragrance, whether we notice it or not.

Sri Gurudev spoke about the responsibility we have in presenting yoga to others by our example. We should always present a joyful attitude, even when there are difficulties. We cannot avoid difficulties, suffering or loss, but we can avoid imposing those feelings on others.

September 3

Sri Gurudev and the group visited a beautiful milky turquoise-blue lake, shimmering high in the mountains, where an impromptu Satsang became a "Sermon on the Mount!" During the week there were many times like this of walking and sharing with Gurudev.

The following day, Mr. Blitz treated the whole group to delicious chocolate crepes in a nearby restaurant. After this, he and Gurudev, displaying their great affection for each other, became referees for a dynamic game of volleyball, although Gurudev also wanted to play! This marked the end of the trip, completed that evening by gift presentations and deepest thanks to everyone, especially our dear friend Mr. Blitz.

—*Dharmavati Shapiro*

with *Devi Woodard, Abhaya Thiele,*
and *Swami Jyotirmayananda Ma*

New York: Wanting Nothing

On the morning of July 24, the temperature hovered around 100 degrees and the air was grey and humid. The weekly newspaper we normally use to announce Sri Gurudev's talks nine days in advance had neglected to run the ad until two days before. The posters we usually tack up around town two weeks ahead weren't ready until one week before the talk. All together, things did not bode well for a good turnout. We had rented a large air-conditioned hall at New York University but the system was cooling the air only imperceptibly. We slowly grew hotter and hotter.

As we wondered if we had made a mistake in asking Sri Gurudev to come

at this time of year, the hall began filling with people and was soon full. It became the largest gathering in quite a few years.

The title of the talk was enigmatic: "How to Get Everything You Want by Wanting Nothing." Gurudev went immediately to the point by asking what the state of our mind would be if we wanted nothing? The answer, of course, is that our mind would be very peaceful. He said: "ALL our problems come from wanting. There is no end to our desires and the mind will never be satisfied by getting what it wants. We search outside for happiness because we do not look within where that peaceful state already exists."

—Kalyani Neuman

The Words of Our Fathers are Words of Wisdom

—by Paraman Emenogu

We are here to continue in the tradition of our fathers.

That was how our fathers

spoke the Word,

In times past,

It was how the journey was made

In times past,

And the saying goes out:

The long basket

Was packed up

For a journey.

And I used to wonder

What the saying

"The long basket

Was packed up

For a journey"

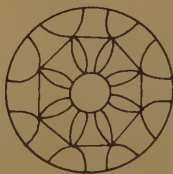
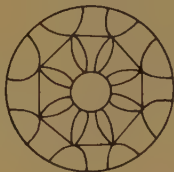
Meant.

Pack all your desires

In the long basket

Search for the Avatar, the guru

for knowledge which gives Freedom.

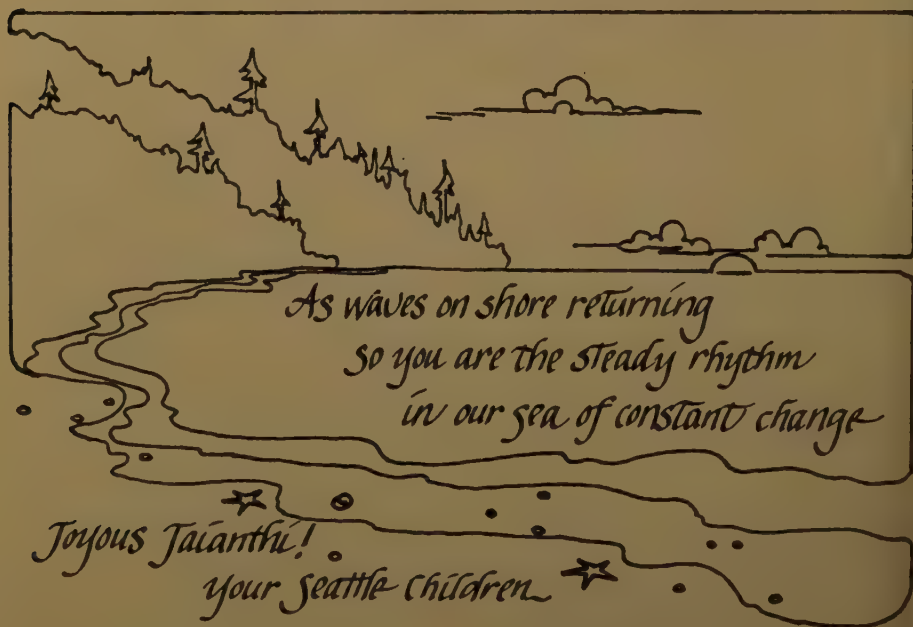


*"Spellbound, they looked on a great Yogi,
his face lighted with a divine smile,
his countenance radiating love,
his eyes sparkling with joy—*

*A man who had renounced all for God
and who knows nothing but God."*

—M.

*WITH HUMBLE DEVOTION,
YOUR MONTREAL CHILDREN*



*As waves on shore returning
so you are the steady rhythm
in our sea of constant change*

Joyous Jaiānthi!

your Seattle children



*“He lives in the center of Your heart,
Like a crystal pure and bright.”*

—GURU GITA

**HAPPY JAYANTHI
BELOVED SRI GURUDEV**

In appreciation for Your infinite Blessings
and Love.

Your Yogaville Virginia Family

Dear Gurudev,

Thank you for all the gifts you
have given us. Happy Jayanthi!

Love,
your Santa Barbarians

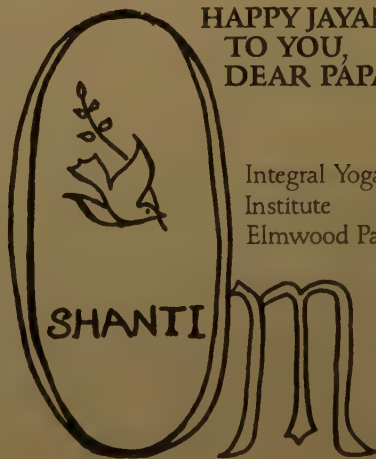


*Happy
Jayanti*

Richmond
Family
We Love
You Papa!

Our Universal Soul,
Permeating all things, which
in substance resemble Light,
You are that Ever-Loving Papa
The Light on
the Path of
my Heart.

HAPPY JAYANTHI
TO YOU,
DEAR PAPA!



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"The Guru is verily a link between the individual and the Immortal. He is a being who has raised himself from this into That, and thus has free and unhampered access into both the realms. He stands, as it were, upon the threshold of immortality; and, bending down, he raises the struggling individuals with his one hand, and with the other lifts them up into the imperium of everlasting joy and infinite Truth-Consciousness."

—Sri Swami Sivananda

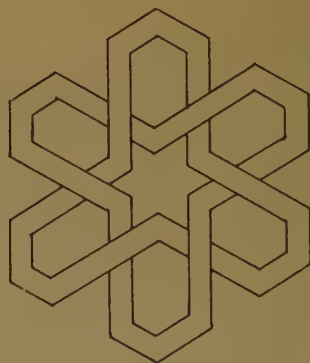
LOVING JAYANTHI WISHES,
THE RAO FAMILY, TEXAS



"You are eternal, whole, omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient, ever-pure, ever-blissful and ever-free! This is the Eternal Message. Realize this and be free."

—Sri Gurudev

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"Whatever you do, see that your mind remains in that tranquility, that purity, that neutrality."

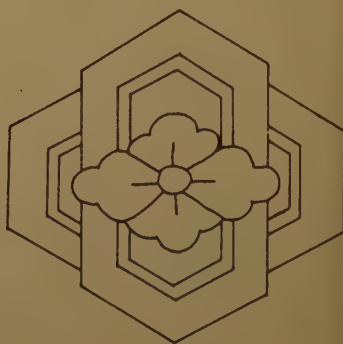
—Sri Gurudev

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"Love everyone alike."

—Sri Gurudev

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"We search outside for happiness because we do not look within where that peaceful state already exists."

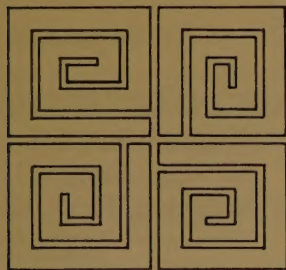
—Sri Gurudev

"When you address someone as the Guru you are addressing the Self."

—Sri Gurudev

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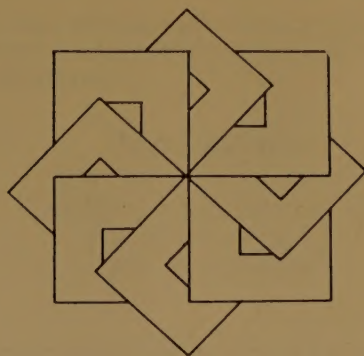
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First control the body and the prana [life force] and when they are calmed, the mind will be calmed automatically. Then nothing can hide the Truth from you."

-Sri Gurudev

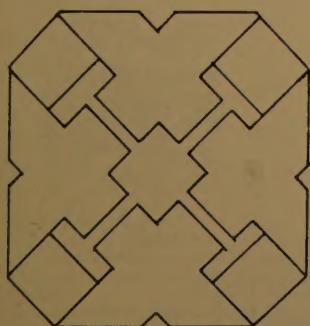
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"Clear out all the bad thoughts. Make your mind pure. Fill it with Love and Peace."

-Sri Gurudev

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"Be good; do good; be a nice person; lead a selfless life. Take care of your body; take care of your mind."

-Sri Gurudev

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"[When the mind is pure] all of you will be agents of love, filling the world with Love, Light and Unity."

-Sri Gurudev

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"There is no end to desires and the mind will never be satisfied by getting what it wants."

-Sri Gurudev

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"If you have lost your peace, you have lost your mind."

-Sri Gurudev

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*"Just become pure — physically and mentally.
You will see God."*

-Sri Gurudev

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"Know that you are really the infinite, pure Being, the Self Absolute. You are always the Self and nothing but that Self."

-Sri Ramana Mahars

LIGHT OF LOTUS GLASSWORK

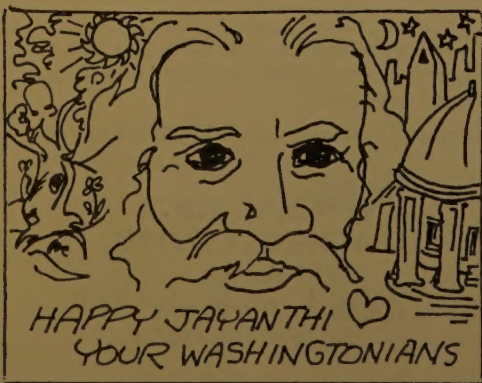
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of New York City and San Francisco

With Love
And
Gratitude
From Your
Colorado Springs Students



Our Beloved Papa,
Happy Jayanthi to You!
Beloved Swamiji, May Chineke or
Chukwu the Creator, Light and Fer
The Creator of this day,
Call on you this day,
You who are the Light of the World
Enlighten our hearts so that
your children in this part of the World
May grow to be like their beloved



*Your IYTC Nigerian
Children*

SATCHIDANANDA ASHRAMS



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Integral Yoga is a synthesis of the various branches of Yoga. It is a scientific system for the harmonious development of every aspect of the individual. The following are some of its different branches.

Raja Yoga The path of concentration and meditation. Based on ethical perfection and control of the mind, it leads ultimately to the state of *Samadhi* or Super-consciousness.

Japa Yoga The concentrated repetition of a *mantram* (a sound vibration representing an aspect of the Divine), leading to awareness of this vibration and attunement to IT.

Hatha Yoga Postures (*asanas*), breath control (*pranayama*), relaxation, and cleansing practices (*kriyas*) to purify and strengthen the body and mind.

Karma Yoga The path of selfless service. By performing duties without attachment to the fruits of the action, the Karma Yogi becomes a conscious instrument of the Divine Will.

Bhakti Yoga The path of love and devotion to God, to an incarnation of the Divine or to a spiritual teacher. By transcending the limited personality, one attains union with the Divine.

Jnana Yoga The path of wisdom. By study, self-analysis and awareness, the Jnana Yogi ceases to identify with the body and mind, and realizes the Oneness.

The goal of Integral Yoga is: "A body of perfect health and strength, mind with all clarity and control, intellect as sharp as a razor, will of steel, heart full of love and mercy, a life dedicated to the common welfare, and realization of the true Self."



Swami Satishdev
Sri